POLITICAL.

From the Richmond Whig.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

I propose to present to the public a few *facts* in relation to this "[illegible] magician," which I shall derive from [illegible] unimpeachable; and, in respect to them [illegible] I will give my authority, chapter and verse; [illegible] I not only invite examination, but defy contradiction. And, first, of the Tariff. In some [illegible] the partizans have had the hardihood [illegible] that his votes in favor of the highest duties [illegible] manufactures were in pursuance of instructions from the Legislature of New York. The assertion is false. It is true, that he voted for the Tariff of 1828 under instructions notoriously procured at his own suggestion; but what was his conduct in 1824, when Mr. Clay's obnoxious bill was under consideration, and when it is not pretended that any legislative instruction whatever had been given him? In the absence of the Journals of the Senate, it is fortunate that the indefatigable Editor of the Weekly Register has preserved faithfully the proceedings of that body, of which Mr. Van Buren was a member. Let us look into them.

APRIL 20th, 1824. The bill from the other House, "to amend the several acts for imposing duties on imports," was taken up for a second reading—Mr. Lloyd of Maryland moved that it should be referred to the Committee on Finance, to ascertain the effect of the bill on the Revenue, &c. The motion was negatived—Ayes 22, Nays 23—the Southern Senators voting in the affirmative, and Mr. Van Buren, &c., voting in the negative.—Vol. 2—new series—page 125.

APRIL 28. Mr. Mills moved to amend the bill, by striking out the following clause: "On iron, in bars or bolts, not manufactured, in whole or in part, by rolling, ninety cents per 112 lbs. weight."—Decided in the affirmative: Yeas 24, Nays 23. The Southern Senators in the affirmative, and *Martin Van Buren, &c.*, in the *negative*. Vol. 2. page [illegible]. This clause was afterwards restored to the bill.

APRIL 29. Mr. Lloyd of Maryland moved to amend the bill, by striking out the clause, "on hemp, two cents per pound."—Decided in the affirmative; Yeas 24, Nays 23. The Southern Senators voting in the affirmative, and Mr. *Van Buren, &c.*, in the negative. Page 156.

MAY 1. The question being taken on the motion of Mr. Barbour, to exempt "German linens," an article of Southern consumption, from the duty of [illegible] per centum ad valorem; it was decided in the negative—Mr. Van Buren voting with the majority: Ayes 23, Noes 24. But, on the same day, on the proposition of Mr. Holmes of Maine, to exempt Russia, Hollands, and Ravens Duck [illegible] by the Northern ship-owners) from the same duty—Mr. Van Buren voted in the affirmative. Pages 156, 157.

MAY 4. Mr. [illegible] moved to strike out the clause [illegible] thirty cents, as the minimum price per square yard for the calculation of the duties on cotton cloths and cotton twist, yarn, or thread—a clause in the tariff bill which was particularly detrimental to the South. *Negatived*—Ayes 22, Nays 24—Mr. Van Buren, Gen. Jackson, &c. voted in the negative. Page 158.

As the bill came from the House of Representatives, the duty on *unmanufactured* wool was to rise five per cent. per annum, until it reached fifty per cent. On the 4th May, Mr. Mills proposed to reduce the prospective duty to twenty-five per cent. Negatived—Ayes 21, Noes 26—Mr. Van Buren voting in the negative. Mr. Mills then proposed to reduce the [illegible] from fifteen to thirty per cent.—[illegible] in the affirmative—Yeas 25, Nays [illegible]—Mr. Van Buren still voting in the negative. [illegible]

[illegible]

From the Charleston Mercury.

IT IS NOT A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Since the radical change of the Tariff Laws, which Nullification effected, apathy and despair have given place in this community to a hopeful and cheerful spirit of enterprize and industry.—The people are made happier by the confidence of security in their rights, arising from a wholesome reliance upon their ability to repel federal aggression, and are prosperously and contentedly enjoying the beneficent results of their determined struggle for justice. Shall this peaceful and promising tendency of things be checked, because we are disgusted with the degradation of the Federal Government, in the hands of the present rulers, or will not every good citizen, of whatever party, exert himself to prevent the recurrence of another season of oppression, and another crisis of doubt and danger? And to this end, how better can he direct his patriotic efforts, than by preventing the management of Federal affairs from devolving upon those who would violate the Tariff Compromise, and again doom the South to privation, oppression, discontent, and strife? We cannot stand neuter, in the present contest between the White and Van Buren parties. The prosperity of the South is deeply involved in it. It is not only a struggle between a good man and an unscrupulous intriguer for the office; it is not only a struggle between the people and "the Government," which shall choose the next Chief Magistrate; it is much more, it is a struggle between the South and the North—between section and section—between justice and robbery—between Free Trade and the American System.

The policy of the new Administration will take its complexion from the politics of the section which brings it into office.—Even under a rigidly honest President, this must inevitably be partially the case; but under one who has been all his life calculating the chances of the game for office, there will be no scruple to sacrifice every thing to the sectional preferences and antipathies of *his party*. When we remember, then, that the only Southern men who have abused the Tariff compromise, and avowed their disregard of the pledge to respect it, are the very few who have notoriously sold themselves to Van Buren, to be the indiscriminate supporters of his measures, and the unscrupulous instruments of his intrigues, and that at the late session, Beardsley, *of New York*, avowed similar sentiments, we must see that "*the party*" has already an anchor to windward on the Tariff ground. A single glance at the map will tell us it cannot be otherwise, and shew us what must inevitably be the policy of a Van Buren administration. Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island, are the regions of Van Burenism.—The broad South, from the Potomac to Texas, is the section that must vote for White, if he be elected.

We deny, then, that to choose between the two parties is to make a choice of evils. It is a choice between positive good and positive evil, for it is not only to choose which man, *but which section shall prevail*.

In connexion with this geographical view of the subject, it is instructive to revert to the course of Van Buren in 1828, on the Tariff question. He spoke one way and voted another. His words were wind, and he gave them to cajole the South, but his vote was something substantial, and *told*, and *that* he gave to the monopolists; and gave it, too, at the expense of an act of downright treachery to the Southern Delegation. An apology has been made for him to the Virginians lately, by a bosom friend (presumed to be Benton) that against his own opinion "HE WENT WITH HIS STATE." Aye! and if *Senator* Van Buren, courting the South for her vote, was yet compelled to *go with his State* against us, will not President Van Buren, elected by his Empire State, in despite of the South, *go with his State again*. And with what State? The hot-bed of Agrarianism—the Head-quarters of Abolition—the Atlas of the American System. Connecticut, too, must be rewarded for her patent "*Democracy*" of the Hartford stamp: the *hills* of New Hampshire must be gilded by the light of the ascendant luminary of New Hampshire's worship; his rays must penetrate the gloom of the iron mines of New Jersey, to make glad the soul of Mr. Dickinson, who would make the South pay a tax on sunshine; and his benignant glance must be glinted back gratefully from the polished machinery of Pittsburg, and then the bold asserting Benton will tell us, not in apology, *that the New Yorker only goes with his State*, but in arrogant derision and defiance, that his bosom friend *only goes with his party*.

In another article we may further examine the probable results of Van Buren's defeat, and answer the prominent arguments of those of our friends who still object to supporting Judge White.

From the Nashville Republican.

FOR THE PRESIDENCY, HUGH L. WHITE OF TENNESSEE.

The Whigs of the United States will have to choose between Judge White and Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency. Between these two individuals will ultimately, be the contest. The nomination by Massachusetts, of Mr. Webster, will fall to the ground. New England will support Mr. Van Buren. Old federal Connecticut has lately gone over to him—Rhode Island will follow—New Hampshire and Maine are already his bond servants. Vermont and Massachusetts alone are doubtful *now*, and sectional feeling will, in the end, carry them over to the Albany Regency. When the struggle comes on, the banners of the North and East will waive in amity, side by side! Let the South and the West be true to themselves, and to each other, and they will triumph. We eschew sectional feeling as much as any man—but if the East and the North choose to be governed by it, they cannot blame the South and the West for fighting them with their own weapons.

We go then *against* Martin Van Buren, and *for* Hugh Lawson White; *against* Martin Van Buren—not because we are *individually* opposed to him, on account of his being the candidate of New York—not because we have an individual hostile feeling to the Empire State. Far from it—we would oppose no obstacle to her *legitimate* march to greatness and glory—we would not wish to see the "rising sun" of her State standard eclipsed, nor her proud and aspiring motto, "Excelsior," obliterated; but because we consider the political system of those who hold her in chains oppressive, tyrannical, and anti-republican—because we wish not to see that system established throughout the Union—because it enslaves *the mind*, which is far worse than enslaving the body—*because*, while we have the theory of *freedom*, we wish to indulge in the liberty of opinion and action, without being *proscribed*, and *persecuted* for so doing—and *because* we believe this UNION *will not be worth preserving*, if it be prostrated beneath the feet of the ALBANY REGENCY. Therefore, since sectional feeling is to lead the Eastern States into support of Mr. Van Buren, in spite of their *knowledge*, yea, and their *professed detestation* of the Regency System, we call upon the South and the West to meet them *on their own grounds*—and if *federal* NEW ENGLAND chooses Martin Van Buren, *because* he is a *Northern* man, in preference to Judge White, let the democratic South and West *unite* upon the *latter*. The opponents of the administration in the South form a vast party—the *balance of power* is in *their hands*, and, even granting that the choice between two Jackson men (so called) is a choice between *two evils*, they owe it to themselves and their country to choose the *less*.

Furthermore—we go against Martin Van Buren *because he has been substantially designated* by General Jackson as his *successor*, and *because* we believe it will be an evil hour for the American people when they allow their President, *directly* or *indirectly*, to *nominate* his successor, and, *by so nominating*, cause him to be elected. *That hour* will see them *subjects* of a *man*, not *citizens* of a *free republic*. Granting, for argument's sake, that Mr. Van Buren and Judge White are on a par in every respect, that they are equally fitted to preside over this nation—the mere fact that the President *has adopted* the *one*, ought to induce *free men*, jealous of the least direct or indirect *interference* with their *suffrages*, to go *en masse* for the *other*. In Gen. Jackson's most extraordinary letter to the Rev. Mr. Gwin, he comes out in favor of the National Convention, and it is known that the said National Convention, which is to meet in Baltimore next month, *will nominate* Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency—and this contemptible farce, got up by the *office-holders*, will be called the act of the *democracy of the country!*

Judge White is a supporter of the rights of the States. We do not object to him on that account—the events of the last year have satisfied us that the tendencies of our political system are *centripetal*, that the arm of the General Government is *too strong*, whereas we once thought it *too weak*—that a President may construe our Constitution into a monarchical charter, and find in its *letter* what its *spirit* never meant. We would rather see the rights of the States pushed *too far*, than not pushed *far enough*.

We go, then, for Hugh L. White, *free suffrage*, and *toleration*, and against Martin Van Buren, executive usurpation, and *dictation*. We unfurl the white and spotless banner to the breeze—

> "And as our cause is right,
> So be our fortune in the coming fight."

From the Charleston Mercury.

WHO ARE "THE DEMOCRACY?"

Not you Nullifiers of the South, nor you Union men of the South! You have neither of you part nor lot in the great Democratic party, of which the Globe is the organ, Gen. Jackson the Lieutenant General, and Martin Van Buren the Commander in Chief. The South was once thought the nursery of Democrats, the strong hold of Democracy; but that was in the rude and ignorant days of Jefferson and Madison, long before the Executive discovered that he was the sole depository of the people's power. In this day of illumination from that fount of light, the New York School, patent Democrats are very different things from those simple souls who supported the last war, when Van Buren opposed it, and voted for Madison, while Van Buren joined the Federalists—There are none now in the South—"Andrew Jackson says so." Hear his organ, the worthy priest of such a deity:

"If Judge White carry off *the South*, [the possibility is admitted then,] Mr. Clay will come into the House as the real competitor for the Chief Magistracy [illegible] *the candidate of the Democracy*."

According to the Globe, then, take the whole South from the Union, and "the Democracy" still remains.

The Democracy are those only who will obey Mr. Van Buren's caucus at Baltimore.

The Democracy are the office-holders. Martin Van Buren their candidate, is the candidate of the Democracy;—and Gen. Jackson declares that the man nominated at the caucus of Baltimore, to wit: Martin Van Buren, will be the candidate of the great "*Republican* Party."

See, too, the admission of the falsehood which many of the government prints have endeavored to palm upon their readers. They have pretended, and some of them still pretend, that the Baltimore Convention will deliberate and choose, and might select some other candidate, than the elect of Gen. Jackson. But here the Globe clearly excludes Judge White from any such chance, for it says he may "carry off the South"—and Henry Clay will oppose "the candidate of the Democracy."

It would seem, then, that let Virginia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, Missouri, Alabama, Louisiana, and Georgia, all go over unanimously to Judge White, and yet "the Democracy" remain to run their candidate. And whence comes this Democracy? They are composed of the office-holders and employers of Government, from a Cabinet Secretary down to a door-keeper, and from a Mammoth Mail-contractor down to a "paper and twine" mercenary. And what States will they carry? First on the list, "*all hail Connecticut*." Yes, Van Buren has carried Connecticut, and the land of the Hartfold Convention leads the van of "the Democracy" of the Union! Let Southern men mark that, and infer from it, what principles Van Buren has been making interest with, and what interests his administration will subserve. Already his organ gives out that he can afford to dispense with the South, and if he dare tell us this while seeking office, what will he do and say to the South when confirmed in power?

Lectures Against Slavery.—Among the continual, determined, and increasing efforts, of our Northern "*brethren*," against our domestic institutions, and to involve them and the whole South in one general scene of the most awful and entire ruin, are the Lectures of a Rev. C. G. Finney, in New York, who, in the course of them, strongly denounces the religious denominations, generally, for *admitting slaveholders to commune with them!* and says that he and his church "have excluded slaveholders, and all concerned in the traffic, from their communion;" and that he "conscientiously believes the time is not far distant, when the churches will be united in their expressions of abhorrence against this sin."—What next? And how long do these people presume we will tamely submit to such unmerited persecution?—*Augusta Chronicle.*

FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT CŒLUM.

THE CAROLINIAN.

SALISBURY:

Saturday Morning, May 9, 1835.

☞ *The Election for Delegates to the Convention takes place on Thursday, the 21st day of May.*

We are authorized to announce JOHN CLEMENT, Esq., as a candidate to Represent Rowan county in the approaching Convention.

PUBLIC MEETING.

The Free-men of Rowan will keep in recollection that, on Monday, the 18th day of this month, (the same being Monday of County Court,) a Public Meeting will be held in the Courthouse. It is hoped that all who feel any concern in the present alarming state of the country, will attend the Meeting. It is expected that the GOVERNOR of the State will be here, and also Senator MANGUM.

CAN MARTIN VAN BUREN BE ELECTED PRESIDENT.

As soon as the BALTIMORE CAUCUS shall have made the nomination of Martin Van Buren, all the Office-holders and Office-seekers will begin to cry out, that now there can be no doubt of his success. They know that in all communities there are some persons who are anxious to be in the majority, and they think, by talking big, to make these think that Van Buren is sure of being elected, and thus carry votes that would otherwise go against him. But this trick will not, in the present case, avail them, for the reason, that the strength of the Caucus candidate is already too well known. A moment's look at the state of the case must satisfy every candid mind, that Van Buren has not even a probable prospect of success. But let the figures count for themselves.

There are 288 Electoral Votes in all the States, and of these it will take 145 to constitute a majority. Now where can Mr. Van Buren get 145 Electoral Votes? Let us give him all the States of which he is tolerably certain, and see what they make:—New York 42; N. Hampshire 7; Maine 8; Pennsylvania 30. Although Connecticut has gone for the Administration, still this does not make it certain that she will cast her votes to Van Buren; but, to avoid quibbling, we put down to him her 8 votes. New Jersey has gone, (last Fall) by a very small vote on General Ticket, for Jackson, but this does not prove that she will go for Van Buren,—still we give him her 8 votes. Delaware and R. Island are, at best, but doubtful, and the late election in Rhode Island would prove that Van Buren cannot get her vote—still we will put down both these States, say 7 votes, to him—thus making for him 110 votes. Now, where is he to get the other 35 votes? His partizans say that VIRGINIA will go for him. How does the case stand in Virginia? Why, although the late elections may have resulted in the choice of a majority of *Jackson* men, still it is known that a majority of the members elect are for White. It is not believed that Virginia will go for Van Buren. But even give him Virginia's 23 votes, and this leaves a deficiency of 12 votes. Where can he get these 12 votes? Some say in *North Carolina!* Now what well informed man in North Carolina will, in candor, say that Martin Van Buren can get her vote.—No one, we are certain. The contest in North Carolina, though it may be warm, will result in a complete route of the Van Buren forces. In the former contest, the Caucus candidate was beaten more than 5,000 votes, and we believe that this vote, with proper exertions, can be doubled against Van Buren. The great Counties in the West, with the exception of one or two, are far more united against Van Buren than they were against Crawford; and in the East the cause is likewise stronger. WHITE will take the vote of N. Carolina from Van Buren just as certain as the day of election arrives. Where, then, can he get the votes he wants? No where in the South, and no where in the West, unless it be in Missouri, who gives but 4 votes. So that, even with the vote of Virginia, Van Buren's prospect of success is but bad; and if Virginia goes against him, as it is next to certain she will, his case is a desperate one.

He cannot, then, be elected by the People; but how will it be should the election go to the House? There he will have no chance at all. New York there with her 42 votes will have no more weight than Delaware with her 3. Out of the 24 votes, (each State giving one vote,) Mr. Van Buren will not get 8.

So that, in any event, the CAUCUS candidate has tremendous odds against him,—the Office-holders, and Office-seekers may strive to their utmost, but all wont do, they will be defeated.

THE SOUTH SHOULD NOT GO FOR MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in the history of his voyage to Guiana, gives an account of a people who were born without heads. The ALBANY REGENCY must surely think that this headless race is still extant in the South, or, if we have heads, that they are void of brains, otherwise, they could hardly calculate on Martin Van Buren receiving any votes on this side of the Potomac. Why should the South vote for Mr. Van Buren? Can a single good reason be assigned why? We boldly answer no!—and we challenge any Office-holder, or Office-seeker in the State to assign a good reason. If party prejudices could be laid aside, not a Southern man, from the Potomac to the Mexican line, would ever think of casting a vote for him.—Why? Because the whole course of his political life, his system of politics, his party discipline, all show that he has no feelings, no sympathies in common with the South. He is against us in every thing. Look at his conduct on the Missouri Question—look at his votes in favor of the Tariff—look at his votes in favor of Internal Improvements by the General Government, and then say, is he the man for the South? The prosperity of the South, nay, the continuance of the Union, depends on the *economical administration* of the Government. Every dollar that is unnecessarily expended is against us. Therefore, the Southern States are, and must be opposed to all unnecessary expenditures. Not so with New York;—the more extravagant the Government is, the better for them, for the money is expended among them. Mr. Van Buren knows this, and therefore it is, that he is for large expenditures; he is for a splendid Government. Do we not see him, and all his partizans, doing every thing in their power to prevent reform? Within the last four years, have the expenses of the Government not run up from less than twelve millions, to nearly twenty-three millions of dollars per year? And do we not see the Van Buren party opposing every attempt to diminish this extravagance. Why, therefore, should the people of the South support him? Is it that we may have the Protective System renewed—that we may have new taxes imposed on us? Freemen of North-Carolina! do not be deceived by the tricks and artifices of the Office-holders and Office-seekers.—THEY may *profit* by his election, but YOU will SUFFER!

Van Buren Meeting in Mecklenburg.—We see, by the "Standard," that the *Van Burenites* in Mecklenburg have actually succeeded in perpetrating a meeting in that County. We learn, from other sources, that though something larger than the one which was held in Northampton, consisting of *eleven* souls, it was, nevertheless, not quite as large as was the army of Xerxes, when he crossed over from Asia to Europe. We understand the meeting was a small one—and, mark you, it was not called a *Van Buren* meeting. Oh no! it was a *Jackson* meeting! Had the leaders openly come out with a call for a *Van Buren* meeting, it would not have been quite as large even as it was;—but they knew this, and kept VAN in the REAR. Will the plain, honest, open-dealing Republicans of Mecklenburg suffer themselves to be bamboozled by such humbuggery as this? Why do the *Van Burenites* not come out at once, and hoist his flag? Why not tell the people that the whole and *sole* object of the Baltimore CAUCUS, is not only to nominate, but to *make* Martin Van Buren President of the United States? The answer is plain: They know if the people see the whole scheme, they would turn from it with indignation, and put its authors down,—therefore it is necessary to do the thing by degrees, little by little, and, finally, to throw Jackson's cloak over the little man, and smuggle him in at the back door. But, People of Mecklenburg, keep a look out!—mark the result: about the 1st of June you will hear a new tune sung—you will then be told that the '*Democratic Republican National Jackson Convention*' have nominated Martin Van Buren for President, and, therefore, all good Jackson men must go for him!!—Then all these VAN-ites, who are now *shy-hoging* it, will come out and talk openly. We say, mark the result!

The Honorable Bedford Brown has recently attended a Van Buren meeting in Caswell County, for the purpose of taking measures to send a Delegate to the Baltimore Caucus. In that Congressional District the good people of Caswell seem to be pretty much alone; they may have been responded to from Rockingham, but from Guilford they will not; and, as yet, they have not from Stokes, as we have heard. It is said, that a few of the Van Burenites were very anxious during Stokes Superior Court, to get up a little meeting there, but their hearts failed them, and they let the thing drop. Ah! and many more of them in North Carolina, before the contest is over, will wish that they had never taken up *Van Burenism*, or that they could quietly let it drop. They will find that the disinterested portion of the Jackson party, the plain, honest, and hard working men of the country, have too much spirit to suffer themselves to be transferred like so many horned cattle, to Martin Van Buren by a self-constituted, and irresponsible CAUCUS.

Note.—Since writing the above, we learn that the Hon. Bedford Brown has been appointed a Delegate to the Baltimore *Caucus*, and has accepted the appointment.—The *occupation* well be-fits the *man*.

HEAR WASHINGTON'S VOICE!

Let the people listen to the voice of the Father of his Country—George Washington. Harken to what he says, on the subject of such meetings as the Baltimore Convention. He says, such Associations are "incompatible with all government," and surely he is right.—If the people are to be *dictated* to by CAUCUSES, what is the use of the ballot-box? The Caucus system does, in effect, strike at the freedom of election, and if permitted to go on, will soon take away even the *forms* of election. But hear what Washington says:

"*The real People*, occasionally assembled, in order to express their *sentiments* on political subjects, ought never to be confounded with *permanent*, *self-appointed societies*, *usurping the right to control the constituted authorities*, and to *dictate to public opinion*. While the former is entitled to *respect*, the latter is *incompatible with all Government*, and must either sink into general *disesteem*, or finally *overturn the established order of things*."

Another Defeat.—We learn, from the Greensborough Patriot, that the VAN-dals have recently been badly defeated in Rockingham County. They called a *Public Meeting*, at the Court-House, for the purpose of sending a PROP to the Caucus, but the "Panic Whigs," as the classical Editor of the Standard calls them, very impudently knocked the PROP away, and—"down came butter, and cheese, and all." A Resolution was offered, *approving* the measures of the Administration, and was voted down, 60 to 19! Another was offered, to send a Delegate to the Caucus, and this was voted down, 61 to 18!! If these *eighteen* had been up to the tricks of the party, they should have retired into some back room, passed a long string of Resolutions, elected a Delegate, and then published the whole in the Standard, as the proceedings of a "large and respectable meeting of the Democrats of Rockingham." They, the Van Burenites in Rockingham, are at least a half a century behind those of Northampton, and a quarter of a century behind our bonfire friends in old Mecklenburg.

MANUAL LABOR SCHOOLS.

The Evangelical Lutheran Synod has been in session in this place for several days, during this and the last week. Having finished their business, they adjourned on Wednesday.

We are gratified to hear that the Synod *unanimously* adopted a Resolution to establish a *Manual Labour School* at some convenient place within the bounds of the Synod, and have appointed a Committee to take the necessary steps for carrying this most laudable and praiseworthy plan into execution.

We are also highly pleased to hear that the Presbyterians, within the limits of this Presbytery, have not only decided on the establishment of an institution on this plan, but that their active and enterprizing Committee have already made considerable progress in the noble work.

In addition to this, we have reason to believe that the Synod of the "German Reformed Church" has also in contemplation the establishment of a similar institution. We say, success to the whole, and to all such noble efforts!

The Bank of the State of North Carolina, at Raleigh, has been selected as a depository of the Public Money.—*Globe.*

Salisbury Female Academy.—We have been requested, by the Principal of this Institution, Mr. Cottrell, to state that no more pupils can be admitted during the present Session.

The "PROCLAMATION," of KING CAUCUS to his liege subjects in North Carolina, is too late to hand for this week's paper. Perhaps it may appear in our next.

Parson Gwin, According to "Bob Short," of Georgia, is to be chosen chaplain to the Baltimore CAUCUS!—Bob must be joking, for this would look too much like the Buckaneers going to prayer before they set about plundering.

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[FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.]

MESSRS. EDITORS: It being generally reported that Richard H. Alexander will not be a candidate for the Borough, at the approaching election; in that event, for the purpose of preventing all conflict in our Town, we nominate THOMAS G. POLK for that station.

Many Voters of both Parties.

[FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.]

MESSRS EDITORS: I perceive, from the last Watchman, that our learned Dramatist is not dead; and that the shot in the Carolinian, to wit: the tale of the Hermitage event, combined with the (to him) deadly name of *Harry Lee*, has not had the effect which was expected; but has only served, like the goad to an enraged bull, to raise his ferocity to a still higher pitch. He appears rather surprised that any gentleman should make use of a name so hateful as that of Harry Lee. As to using Harry's name, I would only say to him, that when I attempt to combat with that noble animal, which browseth on reason and argument, I try to use the same weapons. But when I combat with that unreasonable, hard-headed animal that browseth on the thistle, I use weapons of a more effectual nature. He makes some very witty, as well as very vulgar remarks about one of the Actors; the defect which he mentions, I suspect, lay more in *his* vision than in the actor, as it is well known that he has never been able to see the right end of any thing. My feelings, in answering his silly effusion, are very much those of the young Moore, of whom Dr. S—— relates a very amusing story. He says: "I was called, in great haste, to visit a young Moore; when I arrived at the spot, I found his thigh badly fractured, and he apparently in the greatest agony. Upon my observing to him, that I was surprised that a man of his war-like courage should make so great a noise about a broken thigh, he exclaimed, with great indignation, "Oh! it is not the pain I regard; if my own beautiful colt, in one of his prancing plays, had broken every bone in my whole body, I should not have uttered a single groan; but, Oh! Doctor the very idea of being kicked by a cursed Jackass, is too much.

HARRY LEE.

[We hope "Harry Lee" will not take it amiss if we now close our columns to any thing further, on either side of the question, as we think he has had sufficient time and space to combat his "unreasonable" antagonist, as he is pleased to call him.—*Editors Carolinian.*]

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

WASHINGTON, April 20.

We hear that, on Friday night last, at the President's Mansion, the slumbers of the family were disturbed by an incident, with all the particulars of which we are not acquainted, but we believe is substantially described thus: The sleep of the President was broken by the noise of some one at the door of his chamber, endeavoring, apparently, to obtain entrance into it. On the President's demanding who it was, and what was his object, the intruder answered, that he was trying (or wanted to find the way) to get out. The noise having roused some members of the family, sleeping in adjacent rooms, they promptly repaired to the spot, and succeeded in arresting the offender. On being examined, the first impression that his object, in attempting to get into the President's room was personal violence, entirely gave way before the fact that he was without arms or weapons of offence of any kind; he was an ordinary person, of the appearance of a day laborer, who had, to all appearance, got into the house with a view to plunder, but missed at the same time his way and his object. In order to keep the fellow safe until the morning, when he could be sent before a magistrate, he was locked up in an apartment on the premises usually occupied as a stable, but at the time vacant, where it was supposed he would be safe enough till morning. When the morning came, however, the bird had flown; having escaped out of a window or aperture of some sort, which was at such a height from the ground that no one supposed he could possibly reach it.

This is the substance of the story as we have heard it. Should an authentic account of the occurrence appear, differing in any material particulars from this version of it, we shall place it before our readers. We hope some clue will yet be found to lead to the apprehension of this depredator, and bring him to a just punishment.—*National Intelligencer.*

Upon the above, the Boston Atlas says:

We presume that the above incident led to a conversation something to this effect, in the KING'S COUNCILS:

The King.—Another scheme of the d——d Poindexter!

Abælino.—Unquestionably, your Majesty, most unquestionably. You had better send for Key and Coltman, and tell them to look out for affidavits. We'll not let any one into our plans this time, till we've got them all cut and dried a little better.

The King.—Say nothing, Abælino. That was a mighty sad affair. We'll not pour our wisdom into any "leaky vessels" this time. We wont move a step, publicly, till we have got the men all ready to make affidavits to the good character of our first affidavit-makers.

Abælino.—Here comes Amos. I just wrote him a note about it. This, may it please your Majesty, is a more infamous conspiracy than the first.

The King.—To be sure it is. They wanted to stab me as I slept. They were afraid to look at the waking countenance of the Roaring Lion.

Abælino.—Your waking countenance! May it please your Majesty, they would tremble with dismay even in presence of the dust of the Hero of New Orleans; the slayer of that Monster the Bank; and that hundred headed hydra, the American System!

Amos.—Your waking countenance! Great king, I am only surprised that the dastardly assassin should have dared to enter into your sleeping presence.

The King.—It is very surprising, as you say; very surprising. But I think we had better not put it upon Poindexter this time. We must try some other of those factious scoundrels in the Senate. Now do you know that I more than half suspect that fellow was an emissary of Judge White.

Amos.—Most certainly. Do you know that was the first thing that occurred to me when I heard of the circumstance?

Abælino.—It is very strange, but I was saying to myself as I came along, ten to one, now, that assassin was employed by Judge White.

Amos.—But can't we make it a joint affair of Judge White and Speaker Bell?

The King.—True, Amos, true. You've hit it.—Now, Abælino, you're very clever at all this dirty business,—I wish you'd just hunt up a dozen able-bodied affidavit-makers. And, Amos, you be getting ready the statements that you want 'em to swear to. And whilst you're about it, Abælino, just get about twenty more to swear to the good standing of the twelve. Run along, my lads, we'll not be choused for want of affidavits this time. See to it! I charge you.

COLUMBUS, (GA.) April 17, 1835.

Indian Outrage.—It is with feelings of sorrow that we record the death of Mr. WILLIAM FANNIN, a young gentleman of this place, who was killed by an Indian in Russell county, Ala., on Sunday last. Mr. Fannin left here on the morning of that day, in company with a gentleman by the name of Comer, and, after proceeding on their journey some seven or eight miles beyond Fort Mitchelle, on the Alabama road, were fired on by two Indians of the Uchee tribe. The ball of one striking Mr. F. on the left breast, entered the region of the heart; he fell from his horse and immediately expired. Mr. Comer was unhurt, and turning to the Indians, two in number, inquired what they meant. They made no reply, but commenced reloading their rifles, which they again discharged, after Mr. C. had left the spot and returned some two hundred yards. Mr. Comer, after coming a mile or two in the direction of this place, met a company of travellers, who, with him, went back to the scene of the murder, where they found Mr. Fannin dead, and robbed of every thing but his clothing, some part of which was torn, seemingly done in the act of robbing him. Mr. Fannin was a young man, 18 or 20 years old, (brother of J. J. Fannin, who died in this place a few weeks ago,) of modest and retiring manners, and, by his amiable disposition, had endeared himself to all that had the pleasure of his acquaintance. We feel, as we trust we ought, all the sorrow for the affliction of his friends and numerous relatives, with which this second dispensation of providence has, in a few short weeks, filled alike their hearts and our own.

Whilst recording this melancholly event, it may not be improper to call the attention of the public authorities in Alabama, to the frequency of these bloody scenes of late, and the impunity with which they are perpetrated. It was a weak and murderous policy in our sister State to extend her laws over the country occupied by the Indians, if there is no shield furnished by those laws against the outrages of the savages. Travellers are murdered on the high-way almost every month, whilst the Executive of our sister State sits snugly sconced up at Tuscaloosa, and her other high functionaries make no energetic efforts to bring the offenders to justice. The fault lies elsewhere surely than in the laws of the State, and if so, it ought to be corrected.—*Enquirer.*

CHARLESTON, (S. C.,) April 15, 1835.

Melancholy Occurrence.—A small colored boy, named *Anthony Cocksin*, aged about 11 years, was unfortunately killed, yesterday afternoon, by a pistol-shot, at the shop of Harman Siemer, corner of Wentworth and St. Philips' streets. The little fellow went into the shop to purchase a cake of choclate, and after he had done so, John Siemer, a brother of the owner of the shop, who was serving behind the counter at the time, but who, it is said, was only casually on the premises, took up a pistol, under the impression that it was not loaded, pointed it at the boy, and drew the trigger. To his utter astonishment and consternation, the pistol turned out to be heavily charged with buck and other shot, and the whole load was deposited in the right breast of the poor child, who fell immediately, but rose again, and ran out of the shop, the blood streaming on his path, to a step at the distance of a few yards, where he expired in a short time. The owner of the shop was absent at the time of the fatal occurrence. His clerk, however, was there, a young German, who says he was engaged in another part of the shop, when he heard the discharge of the pistol; but that he thereupon immediately went up to John Siemer, and said, Good God! what have you done! that Siemer replied, he did not know that the pistol was loaded, that after the deceased had bought the choclate, he said to him, "stop, do you want a biscuit?" and pretending to get a biscuit, he took up the pistol to snap at him in jest—the fatal result of such jesting has already been told. John Siemer absented himself immediately after the occurrence, and did not make his appearance before the Coroner's Jury—a circumstance which has given rise to some suspicion.—*Courier.*

From the Southern Christian Herald.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Almost every reader of a newspaper has seen accounts of intemperate persons, who have taken fire spontaneously, and been consumed, leaving nothing behind but a loathsome mass. Many have thought this incredible; and none are more disposed to disbelieve it than the intemperate; supposing, probably, that it was a tale invented to deter those who are habituated to this vice. Of the fact we have not the least doubt; nor do we believe that any one acquainted with the science of chemistry would for a moment believe such a thing impossible. Every one acquainted with the chemical composition of the human body, knows that it contains all the elementary substances necessary to the formation of the most inflamable gasses. He knows, too, that some of these are formed while the body undergoes decomposition. Such is Phosphuretted Hydrogen, taking fire as soon as it comes in contact with the common air, and producing the lights often seen about grave-yards, called Will o' the Wisp, or Jack with the Lanthern.—The only question is, can any part of the human frame, while life exists, undergo the decomposition necessary to the production of any of the inflamable gasses?

In a premium essay, entitled, the Anatomy of Drunkenness, written by a Physician in England, several cases of spontaneous combustion are mentioned, attested by indubitable evidence. An explanation of the phenomenon, similar to the following, is suggested by the writer. We would most sincerely advise every drunkard to buy the book, and read it repeatedly. It will prove an effectual cure if any thing will.

"*Facts not to be disputed.*—It is well known, by every chemist, that phosphorus, probably the most inflammable simple substance in nature, exists abundantly in the human body. Phosphoric acid, in combination with lime, forms human bones; it is also met with in other combinations in the fluids. Hydrogen, another highly inflamble element, enters largely into our mortal composition: when these two, hydrogen and phosphorus, are liberated by the decomposition that should take place after death, they unite, form phosphorated hydrogen gass, some varieties of which take fire and burn with a dense white light on coming in contact with atmospheric air. Hence, probably, some of the luminous appearances said to be noticed in charnel houses.—Phosphoric either, at once among the most volatile and inflammable compounds in nature, may be formed by digesting acohol with phosphoric acid. It is sometimes produced in the living human body, the alcohol being taken into the stomach, passing unchanged into the circulation, and coming into contact with the phosphoric acid of the body; either in the solids or fluids. Hence, the spontaneous combustion of human bodies, not yet consigned to the last sad receptacle of corruption, but seized upon by the fires of an anticipated hell, while moving among the living. To deny that there have been such cases, because we have not seen them, is like denying the existence of cannibalism, because we have not witnessed it in our own persons. The texture of the female body being softer and more easily decomposed than that of the male, may account for the phenomenon having occurred in that sex most frequently."

Bishop Ives.—It may be interesting to the numerous friends of Bishop IVES, in this Diocese, to learn that, in consequence of the continued delicate state of his health, a sea voyage has been deemed expedient. He sailed for Liverpool, on the 17th ult., in the Packet ship North-America. We perceive that Dr. DELANCY is a fellow passenger, also carried abroad by feeble health.—*Raleigh Register, May 5.*

Duelling.—It is said to be a habit in Mexico, that if any man killed another in a Duel, he becomes responsible for all the debts of the deceased. It is said to have a great effect in preventing duels. Would it not be an improvement on the law, to make the killer support the wife and children of the deceased, if he have any.

From the N. Y. Cour. and Enquirer, of April 25.

THE GREAT FOOT RACE.

The great trial of human capabilities, in going ten miles within the hour, for $1,000, to which $300 was added, took place yesterday on the Union Course, Long Island; and we are pleased to state that the feat was accomplished 12 seconds within the time, by a native born and bred American farmer, Henry Stannard, of Killingworth, Connecticut. Two others went the 10 miles—one (a Prussian) in half a minute over; the other, (an Irishman) in 1¾ over the time.

As early as nine o'clock, many hundreds had crossed the river to witness the race, and from that time until near two, the road between Brooklyn and the course presented a continuous line, (and in many places a double line) of carriages of all descriptions, from the humble sand cart, to the splendid barouche and four, and by two o'clock, it is computed that there was at least from 16,000, to 20,000 persons on the course. The day, though fine, being windy, delayed the start until 19 minutes before two, when nine candidates appeared in front of the stand, dressed in various colors, and started at the sound of a drum.

The following is the order in which each man came up to the Judges' stand at the close of each mile:

	MILES.									
	1st.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Stannard.	3	4	3	3	3	2	2	1	1	1
Glauer.	2	2	1	1	2	3	3	3	2	2
Mahoney.	1	1	5	5	4	4	4	4	3	3
Downes.	5	3	2	2	1	1	1	2	gave in.	
McGary.	6	7	7	7	5	gave in.				
Wall.	4	5	4	4	gave in.					
Sutton.	8	8	6	6	gave in.					
Mallard.	9	9	8	8	fell and gave in.					
Vermillye.	7	6	gave in.							

The following is the time in which each mile was performed by Stannard, the winner. Mahony, the Irishman, did the first mile in 5 minutes 24 seconds.

	Minutes,	Seconds.
1st. mile.	5	36
2nd. "	5	45
3rd. "	5	58
4th. "	6	29
5th. "	6	2
6th. "	6	3
7th. "	6	1
8th. "	6	3
9th. "	5	57
10th. "	5	54
	59	48

The betting on the ground, both before and at starting, was pretty even, and large sums were staked both for and against time. Downs was undoubtedly the general favorite; and was well known in the neighborhood; he did the 8 miles in 48½ minutes; he had been well trained under his father, who in his 39th year, performed 17 miles in 1 hour 15 minutes.

Mallard was known to be an excellent runner; he had performed 16 miles in 1 hour and 49 minutes, stopping during the time to change his shoes. He was not sober when he started, and he fell in the 5th mile.

Mahony, the Irishman, had undergone no training whatever; he left his porter's cart in Water st., went over to the course, ran the first mile in less than 5½ minutes; at the end of the 6th mile he was 1¼ behind; at the end of the 8th mile 2 minutes behind; at the 9th mile he was 3 minutes behind, and he performed the 10 miles in 61¾ minutes.—On the 25th of last month this man ran 8 miles in 41 minutes 56 seconds. McGary was out of condition; but he did the five miles in 32½ minutes.—Vermillye was very thin and in a wretched state of health; he travelled 38 miles on foot, on Tuesday last, to be here in time to enter, and the next day performed 8 miles in 46 minutes; he is an excellent runner, but gave in at the end of the second mile from a pain in the side; he was also thrown down by a man crossing the course in the 1st mile. Wall and Sutton ran remarkably well, but gave in at the end of the 4th mile, for want of training.

Stannard, the winner, we understand, has been in good training for a month. He is a powerful, stalwart young man, and did not seem at all fatigued at the termination of the race. He was greatly indebted to Mr. Stevens for his success; Mr. S. rode round the course with him the whole distance, and kept cheering him on, and cautioning him against over-exertion in the early part of the race; at the end of the sixth mile, he made him stop and take a drink of brandy, after which his foot was on the mile mark just as the 36 minutes were expired; and, as the trumpet sounded, he jumped forward gracefully, and cheerfully exclaimed, "Here am I to time"; and he was within the time every mile. After the race was over, he mounted a horse and rode round the course in search of Mr. Richard Jackson, who held his over coat. He shouted aloud "Hurrah for Jackson," and this being re-echoed by some voices in the crowd, he exclaimed "Don't be mistaken, gentlemen, for the old Connecticut is redeemed, (alluding to his own performance) it's Richard, not Andrew Jackson that I desire to see!" He was called up to the stand, and his success (and the reward of $1,300) was announced to him, and he was invited to dine with the Club; to which he replied, in a short speech, thanking Mr. Stevens, and the gentlemen of the Club for the attention shown to the runners generally throughout the task. After this, it was announced by Mr. King, the President of the Jockey Club, that the German and the Irishman who had both performed the 10 miles, though not within the time, would receive $200 each.

We are happy to state that none of the men seemed to feel any inconvenience from their exertions—every thing went off remarkably satisfactory, nor did we hear of the slightest accident the whole day.

The day was remarkably fine, but the wind blew very strongly on the course, and considering the vast amount of money (in bets, &c.,) at stake, Mr. Stevens felt uncertain at first how to act, and decided to postpone the race; but the general opinion and desire seemed to be against any postponement, and he yielded to this. The result on this account was most fortunate. The race was won handsomely; although when it wanted but 28 seconds to the hour, bets at 5 to 3 were offered, and taken, that the task would not be accomplished. It is certain, that if the wind had not been so high, Stannard would have performed the 10 miles in 57 minutes.

The Branch of the Bank of the State of North-Carolina, at Milton, commenced operations in the early part of last month. Thomas M'Gehee, *President*, and Augustus C. Finley, *Agent.*—*Raleigh Register.*

WASHINGTON, May 2, 1835.

Resignations and Appointments.—Mr. BARRY has resigned the place of Postmaster General, and is appointed Minister to Spain. Mr. KENDALL has resigned the place of Fourth Auditor, and is appointed Postmaster General. Mr. PICKETT has resigned the place of Superintendent of the Patent Office, and accepted that of Fourth Auditor.—*Globe.*

DONE TO THE LIFE!

Dewit Clinton, who was gifted with the Junian point, as well as with statesman-like abilities, once drew little Van's character in the following words:

"*A political Grimalkin—purring over petty schemes—and mousing over sinister designs—without dignity of mind, or elevation of character.*"

This was said some twenty years ago! Time has confirmed the sagacity of the observer, and developed more strongly the lineaments of his subject. Never did a politican's character so universally strike all beholders in the same light.

How to get up a National Convention.—In Gloucester County, New Jersey, Delegates were appointed to the Baltimore Convention, by a "large and respectable meeting" of twelve office-holders and THREE private citizens. The voice of the people cannot fail to be heard in this distinguished assemblage.—*United States Telegraph.*

College for Ladies.—The Kentucky Legislature has conferred upon Messrs. Van Doren's Institute for Young Ladies, in Lexington, the chartered rights and standing of a College, by the name of VAN DOREN'S COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

By the power granted to the Board of Trustees and the Faculty of the College, we understand from the Daily Reporter, that a diploma, and the honorary degree of M. P. L., (*Mistress of Polite Literature,*) will be conferred upon those Young Ladies who complete the prescribed course of studies; and that the same honor may be conferred upon other distinguished literary ladies in our country; and also that the honorary degree of M. M., (*Mistress of Music,*) and M. I., (*Mistress of Instruction,*) may be conferred by this College upon suitable candidates.

Original and True.—"My opinion is," said a whole hog collarite at the close of a political rhodomontade, "that Jackson is the only man who can save the country." "Your opinion!" replied an intelligent bystander, "you have none, sir, but such as you receive at second hand. Persons in Washington City know what you call your opinion three weeks before you know it yourself."—*N. C. Spectator.*

Complimentary Dinner.—At a meeting of the political friends of Judge Mangum and Mr. Deberry, on Thursday afternoon last, it was resolved to invite those gentlemen to a Public Dinner in this place, at such time as may suit their convenience. As soon as a reply to the invitation is received, the time will be announced in this paper.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

THE COTTON MARKET.

Fayetteville.—Upwards of 100 bags Cotton have arrived and sold ot 16½ to 17 cents—market very animated.—*Observer, of April 28.*

Camden, S. C.—We have to note a further advance on this article in our market, though the quantity coming in is limited. Sales have been made during the week at 16 to 18⅛ cents; and a prime lot would command more. Corn, 1 12½.—*Journal, May 2.*

Columbia, S. C.—Cotton; the receipts of the week have been to a fair extent for the season, and went off freely at our quotations, and in one or two instances, a shade over our highest quotations was paid for a good lot or two.—*Times, April 30.*

UNITED IN WEDLOCK,

In this County, on the 31st ultimo, by John Coughenour, Esqr., Capt. GEORGE M. WEANT to Miss. JULIA ANN SWINK.

DEPARTED THIS LIFE,

In Concord, on the 21st ultimo, Mrs. EMILIA BEARD, consort of John L. Beard, in the 32nd year of her age.

The Political Examiner.

This paper, heretofore conducted by Mr. Raguet, at Philadelphia, will, after the completion of the present volume, be transferred to Washington City, and edited and published by the undersigned. The present condition of parties, and the important bearing which questions now in agitation, must have on the peculiar interests of the South, render it indispensable to that section that a vigilant and faithful sentinel, devoted to the great principles upon the maintenance of which their existence as States depends, should be on his post to admonish them of approaching dangers—that the State Rights Party should have a common organ, deserving and uniting their confidence, as a means of enforcing the true spirit and intent of the Constitution. It is not without embarrassment that the undersigned assumes a post of so much responsibility; but bringing to the task a mind devoted to the great cause, earnestly impressed with the belief that the Union itself cannot be peretuated but by the establishment of principles, in the support of which he has made some sacrifices, he is emboldened to hope that most of the present subscribers will be continued, and that many others will be added to the list.

He respectfully solicits the aid of tne State Rights papers throughout the country to insert this prospectus, and asks the friends of the cause to make an effort in obtaining subscribers.

The EXAMINER has heretofore been published semi-monthly, at one dollar and fifty cents for a single copy—four copies for five dollars; or ten copies for ten dollars, per annum. It will be pulished by the subscriber, weekly, on a royal octavo sheet, at one dollar and fifty cents for a single copy—five dollars for four copies; or ten copies for ten dollars, payable in advance. In all cases where payment is not made in advance, the price will be one dollar and fifty cents. In all cases our Correspondents must pay the postage. Sums remitted thro' the mail are at our risk. DUFF GREEN.

Washington, April 9, 1835.

Fresh Goods!
New and Cheap!!

WILLIAM MURPHY
Has just received, from New York and Philadelphia,
A LARGE AND GENERAL ASSORTMENT
OF
SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,
Which have been selected with much care and attention and bought for the Spring of 1835.
HIS STOCK CONSISTS, IN PART, OF
DRY-GOODS,
Hard-Ware
AND
Cutlery,
QUEENS-WARE,
AND
GROCERIES, &C., &C.

He invites his Friends and the Public to call, hear prices, examine quality, and judge for themselves.

☞ Country produce, of all kinds, bought at the highest market prices.

☞ *A liberal discount will be allowed to all CASH customers.*

Salisbury, April 25, 1835. —f—

SHIP NEWS

ARRIVED AT FAYETTEVILLE:

April 24. Steamers John Walker, and Henrietta, with Dry Goods, &c., for Levi Donnell, J. McCuistin, Alfred Hargrave, R. and R. Faucett, Evans, Horn and Co., John Murphey, H. W. Watson, Murphey and Taylor, Gibson, Foust and Co., Kelly and Gaither, J. F. and C. Phifer, Womack and Goodwin, R. A. Burton, S. Hargrave, Brower and Troy, Donell and McLean, Alfred Dockery, H. Ledford, Farish and McNeill, J. and S. W. Lash, N. Hill, A. J. Sherrill, B. Utley, M. P. Cope, Roberts and Johnson, Robert E. Rives, Mr. Pope, Mr. Freeman, and others of the interior.

FORTUNE'S HOME!!

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LOTTERY,
For the Benefit of the SALISBURY ACADEMY
FIFTH CLASS FOR 1835.
To be Drawn at Murfreesborough,
HERTFORD COUNTY, N. C.,
On Friday, the 22nd day of May, 1835,
ON THE POPULAR
Terminating-Figure System.

STEVENSON & POINTS, MANAGERS.

CAPITAL PRIZE } $6,000!

SCHEME:

1	Prize	of	6,000 DOLLARS	is	$6,000
1	"	of	3,000 DOLLARS	is	3,000
1	"	of	2,000 DOLLARS	is	2,000
8	"	of	1,000 DOLLARS	is	8,000
10	"	of	500 DOLLARS	is	5,000
10	"	of	400 DOLLARS	is	2,000
10	"	of	300 DOLLARS	is	3,600
10	"	of	200 DOLLARS	is	2,000
100	"	of	100 DOLLARS	is	10,000
100	"	of	50 DOLLARS	is	5,000
116	"	of	30 DOLLARS	is	3,480
201	"	of	20 DOLLARS	is	4,020
300	"	of	15 DOLLARS	is	4,500
6,000	"	of	10 DOLLARS	is	60,000
6,000	"	of	6 DOLLARS	is	36,000
6,000	"	of	4 DOLLARS	is	24,000

18,854 Prizes, amounting to **$180,000**

A Package of 10 Whole Tickets will cost	$40 00
And must draw nett	17 00
	$23 00
A certificate for a Package of 10 Whole tickets will be	$23 00
For 10 Half tickets,	11 50
For 10 Quarter tickets,	5 75

☞ All Orders from a distance, by mail (post-paid) or by private conveyance, enclosing the cash or prize-tickets in our previous Lotteries, will receive the most prompt attention, if addressed to JAMES I. LONG, Salisbury, N. C.; and an account of the drawing will be forwarded immediately after its event.

☞ All prizes payable in cash, Forty days after the drawing, subject to a deduction of *fifteen per cent.*

Whole Tickets,	$4 00
Halves,	2 00
Quarters,	1 00

To be had, in the greatest variety of numbers, at

JAMES I. LONG'S Office,
(Corner of Mansion Hotel,)
SALISBURY, N. C.

May 9, 1835. td

A Splendid

Line of Hacks,
FROM
Salisbury, (N. C.) to Raleigh, (N. C.)

THE SUBSCRIBERS,

ANXIOUS to afford every facility to the Travelling Public, now announce that they have completed all their arrangements and can with truth say, *We present you with a Line of Hacks possessing advantages over any other, if you wish to get on with ease and despatch*—having obtained that great *desideratum* with all Travellers—*no detention on the road.* It is so arranged as to correspond, in its arrivals at Raleigh, with the departure of the following Stages, viz: The Great Daily Line to Blakely, North-Carolina, passing through Louisburg, Warrenton, and Halifax; at the latter place a Line of Stages communicates with the Portsmouth Rail-Road for Norfolk: by continuing on to Blakley, you strike the Petersburg Rail-Road; and on your arrival at that place you have the choice of two Lines—either by land to Washington City, via. Richmond and Fredericksburg, or by Steam-Boat to Norfolk. There is also a Line of Stages from Raleigh to Norfolk, via. Tarborough, Murfreesborough, Winton, &c., over one of the best Natural Roads in the United States. At Norfolk there will be no detention, as there is a line of Steam-Boats for Baltimore in connexion with this line. This line also connects with one from Raligh to Newbern. The arrivals at Salisbury is regulated altogether by the departure of the Piedmont Line South, and the Great Western Line for Nashville, Tennessee, via. Lincolnton, Rutherfordton, Asheville, Knoxville, &c.

Leaves the Mansion Hotel, Salisbury, TUESDAY and SATURDAY at 9 o'clock, A. M.—after the arrival of the Piedmont Stage from the South—arrives in Raleigh next days at 9 o'clock, P. M.—Leaves Raleigh TUESDAY and SATURDAY at 2 o'clock, A. M., arrives in Salisbury next days by 4 o'clock, P. M.—allowing sufficient time on the road for *SLEEP*.

☞ The Hacks are Albany make, entirely new, and cannot be surpassed for comfort and ease; the Teams are excellent, the Drivers careful and attentive, and the Fare low—*only SEVEN DOLLARS*—all intermediate distances 7 cents per mile.

☞ Passengers from the South who wish to take our Line will be careful to *enter to Salisbury only.*

☞ All Bundles and Packages at the risk of the owners.

WILLIS MORING,
JOSEPH L. MORING.

April 11, 1835. —tf—

The Fare from Raleigh to Washington City amounts to $19 50, as follows:

From Raleigh to Blakley, Stage Fare,	$7
Blakley to Petersburg, Rail-Road Fare,	3
Petersburg to Richmond, Stage Fare,	1 50
Richmond to Fredericksburg, Stage Fare,	5
Fredericksburg to Washington City, Steam-Boat Fare,	3

The Steam-Boat Fare from Petersburg to Baltimore, via. Norfolk, is cheaper.

POETIC RECESS.

From the Irish of Billy O'Rourke.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bachelor's Hall! what a queer looking place it is!
Keep me from such all the days of my life;
Sure, but I think what a burning disgrace it is,
Never at all to be getting a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his tay kettle over the fire;
Soon it tips over; St. Patrick he's mad enough
(If he were present) to fight with the squire.

Now, like a hog in a mortar bed wallowing,
(Awkward enough) see him kneading his dough;
Troth! if the bread he could ate without swallowing,
How it would favor his palate you know.

His dishcloth is missing, the pigs are devouring it,
In the pursuit he has battered his shin;
A plate wanted washing, grimalkin is scouring it,
Thunder and turf, what a pickle he's in.

Pots, dishes, and pans such greasy commodities,
Ashes and praty skins kiver the floor;
His cupboard's a store-house of comical oddities,
Things that had never been neighbors before.

His meal being o'er, the table's left setting so;
Dishes take care of yourself if you can;
But hunger returns, then he's fuming and fretting so;
Och! let him alone, the baste of a man!

Late in the night he goes to bed shiverin',
Never the bit is the bed made at all;
He creeps like a tarapin under his kiverin'—
Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall!

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the Florist's Guide.

THE MATRIMONIAL GARDEN.

Man is formed for social enjoyment, and if it be allowed that "it is not good for man to be alone," it may be justly inferred that it is not good that woman should be alone; hence a union of interests, a union of persons for their mutual benefit. By this union, a sort of seclusion from the rest of our species takes place; and, as a garden is a retired apartment, appropriated to culture and improvements, the married state may not be inaptly compared with it in many respects.

It is good and honorable for the human species, prudently and cautiously to approach this delightful enclosure. Its entrance in general is extremely gay and glittering, beyond strewed with flowers of every hue and every fragrance, calculated to charm the eye and please the taste; but they are not all so; and as there are many persons who may wish to enter this garden at some time or other, who are yet strangers to its various productions, their attention should be directed to the cultivation of those plants which are beneficial, and to the avoiding or rooting up of those which are injurious.

And first, let me caution adventurers in this garden not to dream of permanent happiness; if you should so dream, experience will soon make you wiser, as such happiness never existed but in visionary heads. If you are desirous that this garden should yield you all the bliss of which it is capable, you must take with you that excellent flower called **GOOD HUMOR**, which, of all the flowers of nature, is the most delicious and delicate; do not drop it or lose it, as many do soon after they enter the garden—it is a treasure that nothing can supply the loss of. When you get to the end of the first walk, which contains about thirty steps, commonly called "Honey Moon Path," you will find the garden open into a vast variety of views, and it is necessary to caution you to avoid many productions in them which are noxious, nauseous, and even fatal in their nature and tendency, especially to the ignorant and unwary. There is a low small plant, which may be seen in almost every path, called **INDIFFERENCE**. This, though not perceived in the entrance, you will always know where it grows by a certain coldness in the air which surrounds it. Contrary to the nature of plants in general, this grows by cold and dies by warmth; whenever you perceive this change in the air, avoid the place as soon as you can. In the same path is often found that baneful flower, called **JEALOUSY**, which I advise you never to look at, for it has a strange quality of smiting the eye that beholds it with a pain that is seldom or never got rid of.—Jealousy is a deadly flower; it is the aconite of the garden, and has marred the happiness of thousands.

As you proceed you will meet with many little crooked paths. I advise you, as a friend, never to go into them, for although at the entrance of each, it is written in large letters **I AM RIGHT**, if you do enter, and get to the end of them, you will find the true name to be **PERVERSENESS**. These crooked paths occasion endless disputes, and as it is difficult to make the crooked straight, it is better to avoid them altogether, lest, as it sometimes happens, a total separation be the consequence, and you take different paths the rest of your lives.—Near this spot, you will meet with a rough, sturdy plant, called **OBSTINACY**, which bears a hard, knotty fruit, that never digests, and of course must injure the constitution; it even becomes fatal, when taken in large quantities. Turn from it, avoid it as you would the cholera.

Just opposite to this, grows that lovely and lively shrub, called **COMPLIANCE**, which, though not always pleasant to the palate, is very salutary, and leaves a sweetness in the mouth; it is a most excellent shrub, and produces the most delicious fruits. Never be without a very large sprig in your hand; it will often be wanted as you go along, for you cannot be happy without it in any part of the garden.

In one of the principal departments, stands a very important plant, called **ECONOMY**: it is a thriving quality: cultivate this fine plant with all your care; it adorns and enriches at the same time. Many overlook it, some despise, and others think that they shall never want it; it is generally overlooked in the gaiety and levity with which people enter this place, but the want of it is generally paid for with bitter repentance. There are two other plants of the same species, which are very closely connected, called **INDUSTRY** and **FRUGALITY**. I must take leave to tell you that, unless both the male and the female partake largely of these [illegible], very little success can be expected: [illegible] that they both unite. Take care that you provide yourself and partner with a supply of each as soon as possible, after you enter the garden.

There are two or three paths which run much [illegible], and during the closest attention of [illegible], I mean **PROPRIETY, EX-** [illegible] not think, as [illegible] get into the garden, [illegible] to be [illegible] of these paths. Remember that your companion will see your neglect, which will [illegible] his eye, and may [illegible] his heart. Enter on these departments, then, as soon as you enter the garden, and when you are once fairly in, you are in for life; the danger is, that if you do not get into them at an early period, you will not find them afterwards. Near these walks is to be found that modest plant, called **HUMILITY**:

> It is the violet, "doom'd to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

It appears of little worth in itself, but when joined with other virtues, it adds a charm to life, and spreads a fragrance around its wearer. Cultivate, then, with all your care, this sweet little plant, and you will find it prevent the growth of all poisonous and noxious weeds.

Allow, me also, to drop a hint on the subject of CULTIVATION as connected with PROPAGATION, as that most probably will be your employment in this garden, sooner or later. Should you have the rearing of a plant, remember that it is frail in its nature, and liable to be destroyed by every blast, and will demand all your care and attention. Should you be witness to a blast on its dawing beauties, Oh, how your fond heart will bleed with tenderness, affection, and sympathy! The young shoot will naturally twine around all the fibres of your frame. Should it live and thrive, spare no pains to "train it up in the way it should go." Weed it, water it, prune it; it will need all the cultivator's skill.—Without this, many weeds and baneful plants will grow up with it and blast your fondest hopes. Be ever mindful that this is a trust of which both parties are accountable.

Without careful cultivation what can you expect but the most luxuriant growth of unruly appetites which, in time, will break forth in all manner of disgraceful irregularities! What, but that **ANGER**, like a prickly thorn, will arm the temper with an untractable moroseness? That **PEEVISHNESS**, like a stinging nettle, will render the conversation irksome and forbidding!—That **AVARICE**, like some choking weed, will teach the fingers to gripe, and the hands to oppress! That **REVENGE**, like some poisonous plant, replete with baneful juices, will rankle in the breast, and meditate mischief to its neighbor! While unbridled **LUSTS**, like swarms of noisome insects, taint each rising thought, and render "every imagination of the heart only evil continually!" Such are the usual products of unrestrained nature!—Such the furniture of the uncultivated mind!

By all means, then, pay due attention to culture. By suitable discipline clear the soil. By careful instruction implant the seeds of virtue. By skill and vigilance prune the unprofitable and over-luxuriant branches:—"direct the young idea how to shoot,"—the wayward passions how to move. The mature man will then become the chief ornament of the garden. Around him **CHARITY** will breathe her sweets, and in his branches **HOPE** expand her blossoms. In him the personal virtues will display their graces, and the social ones their fruit—the sentiments become generous, the carriage endearing, the life useful, and the end happy and peaceful.

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*In deportment as well as in dress.

* * *

From the New York Daily Advertiser.

We are indebted to Capt. Jumper, of the Two Pollies, for the following extract from his "Log Book." Further extracts from which, we hope to be able, occasionally, to lay before our readers.—We can assure "Captain Jumper," if he has taken the same precaution, to read the "sayings and doings" of our friend, the Major, that was practised by Boswell, the travelling companion of Johnson—by O'Meara, the Physician of Napoleon—Lady Blessington, of Byron—and many others—too tedious to mention. All we can say is, his reputation will not "fall astern" of the best of them—however much their heroe's may.

On Board Two Pollies.

To Mr. Dwight:

As it is the fashion now a-days to keep a run of the sayings and doing of other folks, who have got a name in the world, I thought it might interest a good many of your readers to get, now and then, a leaf out of the Log-book of the Two Pollies, under my command, during the passage I made last winter to France, when your old friend Major Downing was a passenger. He and I spun a good many long yarns together, and a good many things turn'd up of considerable interest. The Major was about as good natur'd a passenger as I ever had with me—only, once and a while he'd get a little crabbed; and tho' I knew that he could not know much about sea duty, yet he once and a while would try to take a hand in matters that look'd plagily like having things his own way, especially in bad weather, and once he and I came pesky nigh having a real blow up; but I overlooked a good deal, for two reasons. First, I knew he was in a great hurry to get to France, and every thing was on the "go-a-head" order with him; and, 2nd, I was willing to make considerable allowance for his desire to take the lead, on account of his having been so long in Washington. There was one thing, however, I could not stomach at all, and that was his readiness "to take the responsibility;" and I tell'd him, right up and down, that might do on shore, but it would never do for any man to take "the responsibility" on board the Two Pollies, but her commander,

SOLOMON JUMPER.

From the Log Book of the "Two Pollies."

January 4, 1835, lat. 45 15, lon. (by dead reckoning) 32 20. These 24 hours commences with fair breezes, and clear pleasant weather—all sail set that would draw. At 1, 20, saw clouds suddenly gathering in the S. W., with distant low thunder, and now and then a leetle lightning—all the rest of the horison pretty considerable clear. At 1, 30, just another such a gathering loom'd up in the North; and things all about began to look pesky queer, and the oldest sailor on board never had seen the like. The sun had rose that morning looking like a ripe pumpkin, (a surtin sign of mild and good weather.) The fowls in the coop hadn't been seen to give themselves any extra iling. The porpoises all had been moving slowly about. The barometer pinted "dry." The sand in the minit glass ran free, and what was a surer sign of good weather than all the rest, was that old Mr. Swanson, my chief officer, had just stow'd away his tarpolin jacket, (or storm stay sail as he call'd it,) and that alone w'd shake a reef out any day—so there was no sign of bad weather, and of course no occasion for it.

But the clouds kept gathering, and things began to look greasy. At 2, 10, call'd all hands, and reef'd the mainsail, and took the bunnet off the gib. At 2, 20, the wind begun puffing from S. W. to N. by E., with considerable thunder and lightning, and rain, some snow, and considerable hail—settled away the mainsail and furled it, and kept the schooner before the wind a spell under the foresail and gib—the sea running considerable high, and the schooner laboring much, thought it prudent, for the safety of cargo and vessel, rigging and sail, to say nothing of the live stock, to heave too and lay by till I could see the natur of this squall. At 3 o'clock, furled foresail and gib, and set a storm stay sail, and hove to—the schooner heading S. W. and half West and falling off N. by E.

The storm raged considerable violent till after sun set—at 8 Bells set the watch, and as the crew had been at hard duty kept just enuf on deck to mind the helm, and keep the light in the rigging, to prevent being run foul of, for it was awful dark—at 9, 30, the wind lull'd and veer'd from pint to pint all around the cumpus, and I did not think it prudent to make sail till day light. At sun rise all look'd clear again, and seeing the squall had gone by, we made sail on our course. On making a calculation of courses and distances run, allowing for drift of current and heaves of the sea, found we had made no head way these last 24 hours, but, if any thing, was a leetle astarn. This being stated to our passenger, Major Downing, he became very angry, and said I had not acted up to my agreement, which was to make all despatch—that I had said the *Two Pollies* was strong, well found, and man'd, and well commanded, (all which was true enough, and I didn't contradict it)—that he was in a hurry—he wanted to go ahead—he didn't fear squalls nor did any man of his party, except a "White" squall, and that if the Two Pollies was to heave too and lay by the best part of 24 hours in this kind of way, he warn't ageing to submit to it, and the Gineral w'd never forgive him if he did, and that he w'd take command of the schooner himself—and if she swamp'd, why he could swim the rest of the way as well as any man.

After blowing out so for a considerable spell, I tell'd him, very coolly, all that might do on shore very well—but it w'd never do on board the Two Pollies—there was only one man there who had command, and who'd take responsibilities, and that Captain Solomon Jumper alone was accountable to the owners of the vessel and cargo, and all on board must do their duty—as for the squall we had just gone through, never the like had I ever seen before, for going on 19 years I had been at sea—and the oldest seaman on board had never seen the like on't—that I thought it prudent to heave too, and if I lost a day's run by it, it was easier to make that up, and regain lost distance, than it was to regain spars and rigging—that the Two Pollies was a good sound vessel as ever was, but she could not stand every thing, *with all sail set*.

But the Major was still very angry, and talk'd about "*over caution*," and all that—and said at last, he began to think my intention was to get him so late to France that he would have nothing to do there but to turn about and take passage home with me again. I tel'd him if such squalls would lead to that I would not be sorry for it, as I lik'd always to have a passenger, and especially such a passenger as he was, going and coming. That got his dander up worse yet, and he was just going to swear, and said that he would rather return home on foot, round by the north pole, than renew his passage with me. I see there was trouble now, and I don't know how I would have quieted it, if a notion hadn't just come across me—and, says I, Major, what do you think I thought on during that squall last night.

"How do I know," says he; well, says I, I'll tell you—I thought, says I, that pesky squall coming up, just as it did, right again all signs of fair weather, and when there warn't no reason in it nor occasion for it, was exactly like that squall last year agin the Bank. "O shaw!" says the Major. Well, says I, it was. "How you talk," says he—and I could not help thinking, says I, that Squire Biddle was puzzled by it about as much as I was, for he had never seen the like on't before, nor any body else, says I.

This stumpt the Major considerable, and he began to whistle Yankee doodle—he always does that [illegible]e is in a scrape, and wants to get out on't. [illegible]t was the last I heard of complaining about heaving to, and "over caution," and so forth.

* * *

REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.—WITCH DOCTOR!

We are informed that a family by the name of Cash, in the lower end of this County, or in the edge of Rockingham, N. C., who are said to be quite respectable, and in good circumstances, had conducted themselves in so mysterious a manner, for several months, as to excite a good deal of speculation and interest among their neighbors. During that period, it seems, they had carefully secluded themselves from observation. No one was allowed to enter their dwelling, nor could they be seen attending to any of the business of the farm, or of the household. Things remained in this state until about ten or twelve days ago, when a few of their neighbors determined to unravel the mystery.—They went to the house, and, admission being denied at the door, one of the company was raised on the shoulders of another, so that he could look in through the window;—when a scene was presented which induced them at once to force an entrance into the house. A corps was found lying on a bed, in one corner of the room, in a most horrid and disgusting state of putrefaction. It proved to be the body of Mrs. Cash, who had evidently been dead for weeks, if not months. The old man had a pallet in the middle of the floor, the daughter a bed in another corner of the same room, and the son (a young man,) was found up stairs. The stench was overpowering: and it is astonishing that human beings could have survived for so long a time in it.—It was ascertained that the woman had died about Christmas, and that she had been kept, by direction of a Witch Doctor, (whose name we are sorry we have not heard,) under the delusive expectation that she would come to life in a given period. It is not improbable, too, that a part of the villain's prescription was, that the family should not suffer any one to see them in the mean time, lest his imposition might be discovered. We understand that about a year ago the family took up the notion they were bewitched—that their minds became somewhat unsettled, and they of course prepared to become an easy prey to those scoundrels who designate themselves by the infamous title of Witch Doctors. We believe this is a solution of the whole matter. The health of the family is said to have suffered considerably, and that their minds are in a wretched state.

It is presumed that the family must have attended to the business of the farm after night, as they were never seen by day, and their cattle were in fine order, and a large quantity of grain (say about 500 bushels,) was found threshed out and cleaned up.—*Virginia Free Press.*

WHISKEY *against* TEMPERANCE.

A severe contest seems to have been carried on between the *Whiskey Drinkers* and the Temperance men, in the Borough election in Circleville, Ohio, which resulted, as appears from the votes polled, decidedly in favor of the Whiskey Boys.—The highest Whiskey candidate, says the Alexandria Gazette, having 133 votes, and the highest Temperance candidate only receiving 67. After the result of the election was known, the Whiskey Boys determined to have a *jollification* over the victory, in the military style. But some of them paid dearly for their victory, as appears from the following account of the affair, as given in the Circleville Herald.—*Peoples' Press.*

"Between ten and eleven o'clock, they charged and discharged a six pounder, in the west part of the town, to the great annoyance of the good peo- who were seeking repose, and to the destruction of the windows in the vicinity. From thence they repaired with the weapon of war, to the summit of Mount Philippi, *alias* 'the Mound,' the southern part of the town. Here there were three heavy discharges, the two first accompanied with yells and tumultuous shoutings. In loading for the last shot, (which was very incautiously attempted without securing the vent,) the charge exploded, and the groans of death were substituted for shouts of triumph. It was now midnight—and when the writer repaired to the scene of death, about ten minutes after the catastrophe, he found the ground strewed with the bodies of four men. Mr. John Wright was horribly mangled, gave one convulsive struggle, and was *dead!* A man named Hood was awfully disfigured, and so wounded in the right arm as to render immediate amputation near the shoulder necessary. The other two were only stunned, and, after a few minutes regained their feet, not being materially injured. The tumultuous crowd who had a few minutes before thronged the summit, and vexed the welken with their shouts, had disappeared, and the scene was dismal and solitary.

NAMES.

Many a man does not know the meaning of his own Name. We have amused ourselves with name hunting and, present our readers with the result.

Nathan—the giver. [Hebrew.]
Ambrose—immortal. [Greek.]
Anne—the gracious.
Phillip—the lover of horses.
Alphonso—our health. [Goth.]
Alexander—the help of men. [Gr.]
Abel—vanity. [Heb.]

When Cain killed Abel, he certainly did not kill vanity. There are a great many Abels in the world under different names.

David—dear. [Heb.]

James—the supplanter. Jocob, the primative name, has the same meaning.

Abraham—the father of a multitude. [Heb.]
Agatha—the good. [Gr.]

Agnes. We know not whence to derive this name, unless from the Latin Agne, 'a lamb,' perhaps the first fair one who bore this name was mild and gentle.

Cain—possession. [Heb.]

Catharine. We can find a beautiful derivation for this name, in a Greek word signifying 'pure.'

Asher—one that is happy. [Saxon.]

Clara. We suppose that is from the Latin Claurus; 'a bright and fair.'

Aaron—a mountain. [Heb.]
Elizabeth—the oath of the Lord.
Adah—an assembly. [Heb.]

Isaac—laughter. [Heb.] The greatest we ever knew was Isaac.

Magdalen—exalted. [Heb.]
Mary—bitter. [Heb.]

How oft do we hear it said that Mary is a sweet name

Rachael—sheep. [Heb.] This is but a sheepish name.

Rosamund. This is a beautiful name—we believe it first appeared in the songs of the Troubadous. It signifies, in the Rose of the word, Rosamundi. [Latin.]

John—the mercy of the Lord. [Heb.]
Theodore—the gift of God. [Gr.]
Sarah—the princes, of a multitude. [Heb.]
Margaret—a pearl. [Gr.]-*Philadelphia Paper.*

The Boa Constrictor.—Nearly a hundred miles below Calcutta, at the embochure of the Hougley, is the delta of the streams and creeks, all of which are salt, except those which communicate immediately with the principal arm of the sacred river; thesenumerous canals being so disposed as to form a complete inland navigation. A few years before our visit to Calcutta, the captain of a country ship, while passing the Sunderbunds, sent a boat into one of the creeks to get some fresh fruits, which are cultivated by the few miserable inhabitants of this inhospitable region. Having reached the shore, the crew moored the boat under a bank, and left one of their party to take care of her. During their absence, the lascar, who remained in charge of the boat, overcome with heat, lay under the seat and fell asleep. Whilst he was in this happy state of unconsciousness, an enormous Boa Constrictor emerged from the jungle, reached the boat, had already coiled its huge body round the sleeper, and was in the very act of crushing him to death, when his companions fortunately returned, and attacking the monster, severed a portion of his tail, and so disabled it that it no longer retained the power of doing mischief. The snake was then easily despatched, and found to measure 62 feet and some inches in length. The immense size of these snakes has been frequently called in question, but I know not why it should, when the fact has been authenticated by so many eye-witnesses. Nor was it unknown to ancient historians. Suetonius, in the 43 chap. of his lives of the twelve Cæsars, mentions that the Emperor Augustus, over and above the regular shows, gave others occasionally for the purpose of exhibiting any extraordinary object of which he might have obtained possession; amongst which, he mentions the rhinoceros, a tiger, and a snake 75 feet long—quinquaginta cubitorum.—*Oriental Annual.*

Very good Reasons, and conclusive.—Paulding, in "New Pilgrim's Progress," a work to be soon forthcoming from the Harper press, gives the following reasons why certain gentlemen should not get married in the months specified below.

"Very old, single gentlemen, of a certain age, should be careful how they marry in the month of January, for reasons which shall be nameless; or in February, for reasons which will readily present themselves; or in March, for reasons we do not propose to specify; or in April, for reasons best known to ourselves; or in May, for reasons of the first magnitude; or in June, for reasons which cannot be obviated; or in July, for reasons which none will venture to controvert; or in August, for reasons which every one will understand; or in September, which to be ignorant of, would impeach the reader's understanding; or in October, for reasons highly appropriate; or in November, for reasons deep and profound; or in December, for reasons as plain as the nose on your face.

The Three Jolly Husbands.-Three Jolly Husbands, out in the country, by the name of Tim Watson, Joe Brown, and Bill Walker, sat late one evening dining at a village tavern, until being pretty well corned, they agreed that each one, returning home, should do the first thing his wife told him, in default of which he should the next morning pay the bill. They then separated for the night, engaging to meet again next morning, and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as they related to the payment of the bill.

The next morning Walker and Brown were early at their posts; but it was some time before Watson made his appearance. Walker began first:

"You see, when I entered my house, the candle was out, and as the fire gave but a glimmering of light, I came near walking, accidently, into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of this morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor at sitting up so long, said to me, sarcastically, '*Do put your foot in the batter!*'—'Just as you say, Maggay,' said I, and thereupon, without the least hesitation, I set my foot in the pot of batter, and then—went to bed." Next, Joe Brown told his story: "My wife," said he, "had already retired to rest in our usual sleeping room, which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was left ajar. Not being able to navigate perfectly well, you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture: and my wife in no pleasant tone, bawled out, '*Do break the porridge pot, Joe!*' No sooner said than done. I seized hold of the ball of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jam, broke it in a hundred pieces. After this exploit, I retired to rest, and got a curtain lecture all night for my pains." It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself; which he did, with a very long face as folllows: "My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world: for, as I was blundering up stairs in the dark, she cried out, '*Do break your neck, do, Tim!*' I'll be c-s-ed if I do, Kate,' said I, as I gathered myself up, I'll sooner pay the bill.' And so, landlord, here's the cash for you. This is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of a wife."—***Transcript.***

Astonishing Memory.—The following story, though almost incredible, is found in the English papers:

"There is still living, at Sterling, a blind old beggar, known to all the country round by the name of blind Alick; who possesses a memory of almost incredible strength. It was observed, with astonishment, that when he was a man, and obliged by the death of his parents, to gain a livelihood by begging through the streets of his native town of Sterling, he knew the whole of the Bible, both old and new Testaments, by heart! from which you may repeat any passage, and he will tell you the chapter and verse, or you may tell him the chapter and verse, and he will repeat to you the passage, word for word. Not long since, a gentleman, to puzzle him, read with a slight verbal alteration, a verse of the Bible. Alick hesitated a moment, and then told where it was to be found, but said it had not been correctly delivered; he then gave it as it stood in the book, correcting the slight error that had been purposely introduced. The gentleman then asked him for the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of Numbers. Alick was again puzzled for a moment, but then said hastily, 'You are fooling me, sirs! there is no such verse—that chapter has only eighty-nine verses.' Several other experiments of the sort were tried upon him with the same success. He has often been questioned the day after any particular sermon or speech, and his examiners have invaribly found that, had their patience allowed, Blind Alick would have given them the sermon or speech over again.

American Sea Captains.—A Liverpool correspondent writes:

"Too much praise cannot be given to the owners and captains of the American packets which trade to Liverpool. All packets of newspapers, periodicals, &c., are brought across the Atlantic free of expense, and even delivered with the least possible delay. This is so unlike the sordid disposition displayed, generally, by English ship owners and captains, that we feel it the more, and acknowledge it with all the gratitude it deserves. It is a literary and political accommodation, of the most welcome and agreeable kind."

Remedy for Poison.—A soldier of the revolution, residing in Hudson, and who requests those who desire to know his name to refer to Daniel Dunbar of that place, has addressed to us for publication, a letter, the substance of which, to save room, we state in brief: He states that the application of toasted onions, under the hollow of each arm, to be repeated every quarter of an hour for three or four hours, will remove poisons from the system, whether introduced externally or internally. He says it was found effectual on board of the Prison ship at New Jersey, when a number came on board who were poisoned. We know not whether the information is new.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Anecdote.—A printer in England, some years ago, who printed an edition of the common Prayer Book, unluckily omitted the letter *c*, in the word changed, in the following sentence: "We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye." A Clergyman, not so attentive to his duty as he might have been, read it to his congregation as it was printed—"We shall all be *hanged* in the twinkling of an eye."!!

* * *

From the Gennessee Farmer.

THINGS A FARMER SHOULD NOT DO.

A farmer should never undertake to cultivate more land than he can do thoroughly; half tilled land is growing poorer—well tilled land is constantly improving.

A farmer should never keep more cattle, horses, sheep, or hogs, than he can keep in order; an animal in high order, the first of December, is already half wintered.

A farmer should never depend on his neighbor for what he can, by care and good management, produce on his own farm; he should never beg fruit while he can plant trees, or borrow tools while he can make or buy; a high authority has said, "the borrower is a servant to the lender."

The farmer should never be so immersed in political matters as to forget to sow his wheat, dig his potatoes, and bank up his cellar; nor should he be so inattentive to them as to remain ignorant of those great questions of national and state policy which will always agitate, more or less, a free people.

A farmer should shun the doors of a bank, as he would an approach of the plague or cholera; banks are for men of speculation, and theirs is a business with which farmers should have little to do.

A farmer should never be ashamed of his calling; we know that no man can be entirely independent, yet the farmer should remember, that if any one can be said to possess that enviable distinction, he is the man.

No farmer should allow the reproach of neglecting education to lie against himself or family; if knowledge is power, the beginning of it should be early and deeply laid in the district school.

A farmer should never use ardent spirits as a drink, if, while undergoing severe fatigue, and the hard labors of the summer, he would enjoy robust health, let him be temperate in all things.

A farmer should never refuse a fair price for any thing he wishes to sell; we have known a man who had several hundred bushels of wheat to dispose of, refuse 8s. because he wanted 8s. 6d., and after keeping his wheat six months, was glad to get 6s. 6d. for it.

A farmer should never allow his windows to be filled with red cloaks, tattered coats, and old hats; if he does he will most assuredly acquire the reputation of a man who tarries long at the whiskey, leaving his wife and children to freeze or starve at home.

There are three things of which the man who aims at the character of a prosperous farmer will never be niggardly—manure, tillage, and seed; and there are three things of which he will never be too liberal—promises, time, and credit.